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The Game



hockey

pain

342 22 20

Chapter 1 by Joakim

They tell me to chase it and I do. I chase it like it's no tomorrow.

They tell me that I have to fight for it and I do. My body is filled with scars.

They tell me to ignore the pain and I try. I can't imagine a life without my medication.

They stopped telling me anything now. They found someone else. Someone younger.

I am not used to hearing my own thoughts. It's lonely in here...

Chapter 2 by Rainyday



They cast me aside for a younger man with a less broken body. They will use him up just like they did me. I thought feeling a sort of pity for the man. But my resentment for him and the establishment that now sponsors him burn strong inside me and sours my stomach.

It is not in me to hold still. The thought of being a has been is bitter in my mouth. I watch as a shiny black SLIM rolls down my gravel driveway slowly so as not to kick up any dust. Soon there

will be a man in a \$6000 suit telling me to remove my 2 small duffle bags of belongings from the house and leave the premises. My only thought is to "wherever" I'm going to continue my life.

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But I was told to chase it to fight for it. This man in the Armani he brings me pain. And pain I was told to ignore. This is not over yet.

Chapter 3 by Quinn Tolchin



I always knew, I always knew I had to chase my freedom. At first I was chasing it for their sake, now its my turn. The doorbell is ringing, I need my duffle bags. I go into my safe behind my painting, its just a black painting, no color. The doorbell rings again, my palms are sweaty. They told me never to look inside, I unzip them.

The doorbell rings again, I can hear a shout. I reach inside the bag. I don't want to look inside, I don't want to struggle anymore. My body hurts, I should just zip up the bag and walk outside. I pull out a piece of styrofoam, it feels rough on my pasty hands.

The ringing is gone, I hear a thud coming from the other side of the door. I break open the styrofoam and take out a gun that was plastered inside. I walk to the door, and unlock it.

Chapter 4 by Lizabeth Sche



The gun is loaded and pointed by my hand. I have it on his eye. I tell the well dressed thug not to speak, to step aside and sit down. I grab the dark slipcover off the couch and throw it over him so he won't see me. I leave him and everything else behind. As he loudly counts, I continue through the main exit. He is following my orders now. I will make a way for myself. I throw the gun in the pool. I start the ignition with the key he left in it and drive away.

Chapter 5 by Rainyday



My heart is palpitating its pounding felt in my ears. "Well at least I'm not too used up to get a good rush." I grinned to myself. There is a piping hot Starbuck's cup in the center council yes! doesn't even look as its been touched yet. "Thanks Armani" I said out loud. Picked it up and chugged down the scolding coffee "What is this crap?" I thought with a sweet foam coating my upper lip. "probably some Chai Lat'e Japetto yuppy crap" But I must admit that gave me more than extra juice I need for the long drive to Vegas where I would get some what? what was it I

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make those fools upstairs cream themselves. I laughed out loud. Then who is to say what will be served to me for the main course? Probably the Joker the brought in to replace me. Let him try, no one will stop me from giving them their just desserts. I flipped on the radio scanned the stations til I found something hard and fast, turned up the volume and stepped on the gas.

Chapter 6 by Rainyday



Vegas had not changed, Not a cloud in the sky, yet windy. Dry heat from the looming sun warmed my face. I gripped the wheel trying not to let the traffic frustrate me. I knew where I was going, and there was still time. The towering Black Glass Pyramid passed by my left. My mentor told me in more simple times, before I was born the Luxor Casino was one of the largest attractions in Vegas. That was before they built The Colosseum, which dwarfed all resorts and Casinos in the small metropolis. Built exactly to match the arena of ancient Rome. Built for the same purpose of the Ancient Romans, For blood.

Chapter 7 by Baron Wendling



I loved vegas yet hated it at the same time. You always have love for your hometown. I just hate the people in nice suits. Walking briskly past not even an excuse me when they bump into you. How are they anymore important than me. They too are flesh and blood. Flesh and blood that would be no longer if i got my hands on one of them. I know exactly which one i want to get my hands on. My destination is approaching. Stop. Shift into park. Get out. Stroll through the lobby. Ding. I step into the elevator. Click the button with a 10 on it. Ding. 10th floor

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